

Why do the stars go on shining? by nimiumcaelo

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Summary:

"There is only one happiness in this world, to love and be loved."

- George Sand

Why do the stars go on shining?

Summer was nice. There wasn't any school, the weather was warmer, and the fireflies came out. Seeing them flicker and dance in the night softened the dark, somehow, and lent a sort of familiarity to the surroundings.

Mike was sitting up on the roof with Will. They were technically allowed to be outside, but Mike was pretty sure that Will's mom would have a heart attack if she knew where her son was. Will seemed happy, though, so Mike didn't really care much.

"Check it out," Will murmured, pointing at a firefly that came fluttering over by Mike's knee. "It likes you."

Mike smiled. "Hey, little guy." He held his finger out and balanced the tiny creature on it as it walked along his hand and into his palm. "Here," he said, holding his hand out to Will. The bug crawled from Mike to Will, glowing on-and-off as it did so.

Will watched the firefly for a while, eyes lowered to his own hand. Mike leaned back on the roof's sloping surface and gazed up at the stars for a while. There weren't a whole ton they could see from the suburbs, but the main constellations were still up there. Not that Mike knew any besides the big and little dippers, that is, but still.

Holding his finger out, Will let the bug fly away. "See you later, little guy." His face was soft and captivating as he leaned back against the roof beside Mike. "Thank you."

Mike turned his head to the side to look at Will. “For what?”

Will shrugged, eyes on the stars. “This. It’s nice.”

“Oh. You’re welcome, then.”

Will smiled.

“Hey, Mike?”

“Hmm?”

“Can I ask you something?”

“You just did, technically,” Mike pointed out with a grin.

Will ignored the jibe. “It’s kind of weird.”

“I like weird.”

Will huffed a sardonic laugh. “Maybe.” He turned his head to look at Mike.

“Mike.”

“Will.”

Will seemed to gather himself together. “Can I kiss you?”

Mike blinked, then nodded. His whole body seemed to flush with anticipation as Will scooted closer.

Will came about halfway, then paused. “Are you sure? I don’t want to... you know.”

Mike cleared his throat. “I’m sure.”

So Will kissed him, and the stars did not explode in the sky nor did the fireflies all die out. The world kept spinning ‘round the sun, and two boys just found one more thing to live for.

Author’s Note:

Comments are my energizer bunny!